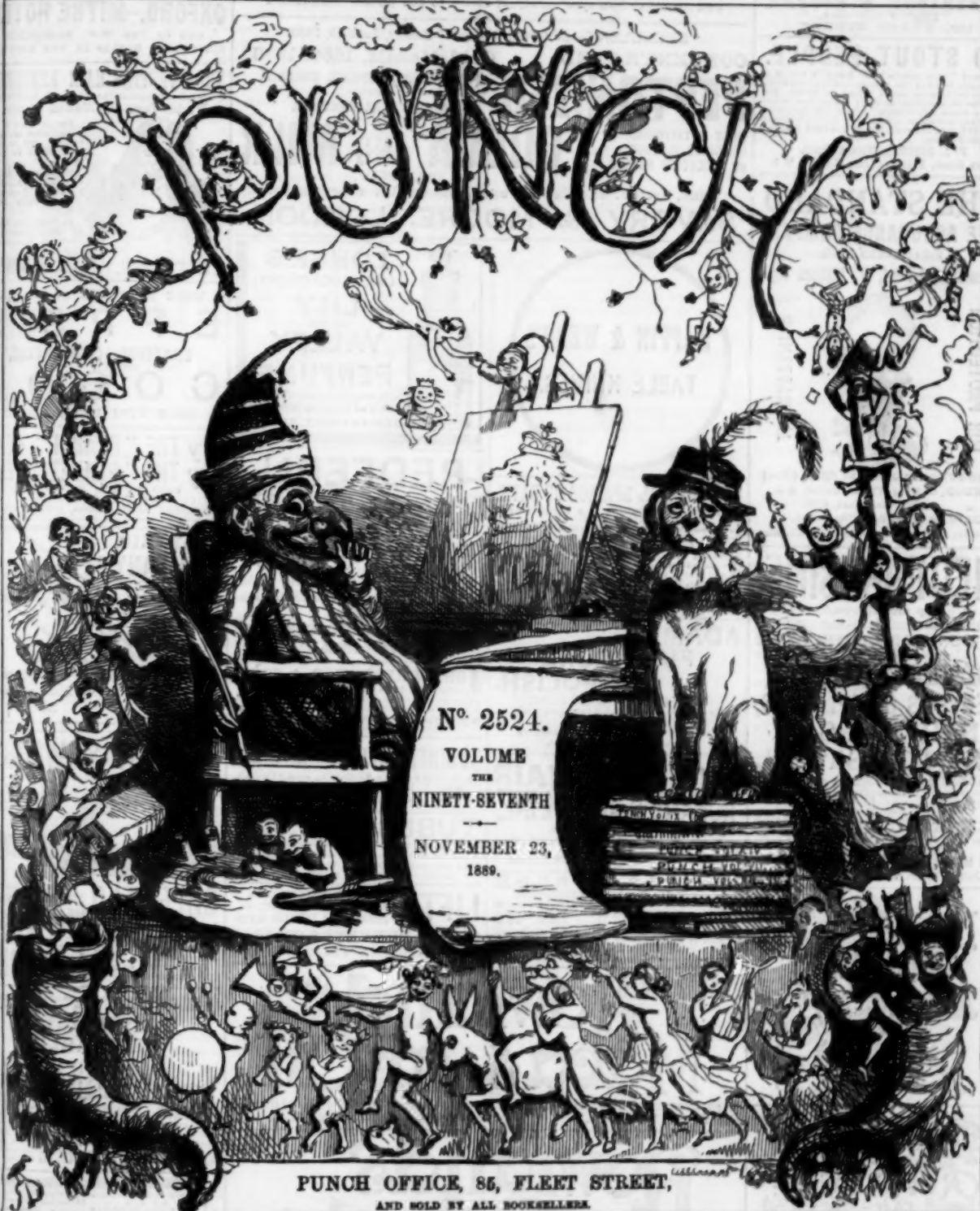


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"HISTORY MADE EASY."

If you pay a visit to Messrs. Agnew's Gallery in Bond Street, you will find that history is no longer a study, but a delightful recreation. You will shake your fist at the dry historians, who



taught you in your youth with their pens, and you will hail with joy the accomplished gentlemen who instruct you with their pencils in the present day. "The pencil speaks the tongue of every land"—and there is no reason that it should not relate the history of all nations. When the pencil is wielded by two such artists as Sir JAMES LINTON and Mr. JAMES ORROCK, history becomes very pleasant indeed, and the recital of the life of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, most delightful to experience. The principal actors in the life of the unfortunate Queen have been admirably depicted by Sir JAMES LINTON, who has rarely done anything better than the twelve portraits and the picture of the "Abdication of Mary Queen of Scots." Among the portraits especially notable are the "Earl of Moray," "Mary Seton,"

"Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley and King of Scots," "Mary Stuart Queen of Scots," and "Mary Beton." The scenery in this eventful history has been conscientiously painted in over a hundred drawings by Mr. JAMES ORROCK; "Bolton Castle," "Falkland Palace," "Peterborough," "Linlithgow Palace," "Jedburgh Abbey," "Criffel from the Solway," "Dunblane Cathedral," are among the many bright examples that will gladden the eye of the lover of art and student of history. Altogether it is a delightful exhibition. Sir JAMES LINTON and Mr. JAMES ORROCK, have set a good example. It is to be hoped other teachers will follow in their footsteps, for most people will prefer to learn history from a hundred good pictures than a dozen dry volumes.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

No. XII.—THE PLAINTIVELY PATHETIC.

A MUSIC-HALL audience will always be exceedingly susceptible to Pathos—so long as they clearly understand that the song is not intended to be of a comic nature. However, there is very little danger of any misapprehension in the case of our present example, which is as natural and affecting a little song as any that have been moving the Music-Halls of late. The ultra-fastidious may possibly be repelled by what they would term the vulgarity of the title,—"The Night-light Ever Burning by the Bed"—but, although it is true that this humble luminary is now more generally called a "Fairy Lamp," persons of true taste and refinement will prefer the homely simplicity of its earlier name. The song only contains three verses, which is the regulation allowance for Music-hall pathos, the authors probably feeling that the audience could not stand any more. It should be explained that the "tum-tum" at the end of certain lines is not intended to be sung—it is merely an indication to the orchestra to pinch their violins in a *pizzicato* manner. The Singer should either come on as a serious Black Man—for burnt cork is a marvellous provocative of Pathos—or as his ordinary self. In either case he should wear evening dress, with a large brilliant on each hand.

THE NIGHT-LIGHT EVER BURNING BY THE BED.

First Verse.

I've been thinking of the home where my early years were spent,
'Neath the care of a kind maiden aunt, (Tum-tum-tum!)
And to go there once again has been often my intent,
But the fare is so expensive that I can't! (Tum-tum!)
Still I never can forget that night when last we met:
"Oh, promise me—what'er you do!" she said, (Tum-tum-tum!)
"Wear flannel next your chest, and, when you go to rest,
Keep a night-light always burning by your bed!" (Tum-tum!)

Refrain (pianissimo).

And my eyes are dim and wet;
For I seem to hear them yet—
Those solemn words at parting that she said: (Tum-tum-tum!)
"Now, mind you burn a night-light,
—'Twill last until it's quite light—
In a saucerful of water by your bed!" (Tum-tum!)

Second Verse.

I promised as she wished, and her tears I gently dried,
As she gave me all the halfpence that she had: (Tum-tum-tum!)
And through the world e'er since I have wandered far and wide,
And been gradually going to the bad! (Tum-tum!)

Many a folly and a crime I've committed in my time,
For a lawless and a chequered life I've led! (Tum-tum-tum!)
Still I've kept the promise sworn—flannel next my skin I've worn,
And I've always burnt a night-light by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Refrain.

All unhallowed my pursuits,
(Oft to bed I've been in boots!)
Still o'er my uneasy slumber has been shed (Tum-tum-tum!)
The moderately bright light
Afforded by a night-light,
In a saucerful of water by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

Third Verse. (To be sung with increasing solemnity.)

A little while ago, in a dream my aunt I saw;
In her frill-surrounded night-cap there she stood! (Tum-tum-tum!)
And I sought to hide my head 'neath the counterpane in awe,
And I trembled—for my conscience isn't good! (Tum-tum!)
But her countenance was mild—so indulgently she smiled
That I knew there was no further need for dread! (Tum-tum-tum!)
She had seen the flannel vest enveloping my chest,
And the night-light in its saucer by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

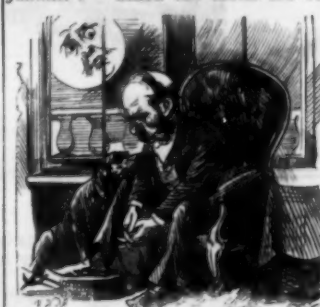
Refrain (more pianissimo still).

But ere a word she spoke,
I unhappily awoke!
And away, alas! the beauteous vision fled! (Tum-tum-tum!)
(In mournful recitation)—There was nothing but the slight light
Of the melancholy night-light
That was burning in a saucer by my bed! (Tum-tum!)

WHAT MR. PUNCH'S MOON SAW.

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

"HAVE you ever suffered from what the Germans call *Katzenjammer*?" asked the Moon the other evening,—



—"you remember how I told you long ago about the poor Ant who suffered from a hopeless passion, which I at first took for *Welt-schmerz*? Well, *Katzenjammer* is very like *Welt-schmerz*—only worse. The sufferer creates all his unhappiness himself, and no tortures inflicted by other people could possibly be more cruelly ingenious. Not long ago I saw an unfortunate man who had *Katzenjammer* very badly. I looked through his window and saw him sitting in a comfortable chair by a cheerful fire; the room was most luxuriously furnished, and I, who have to roll on all night in the cold blue sky with only the stupid little stars for company, quite envied him as he sat there in the warm firelight. But that was before I knew how terribly unhappy he was. He was all alone: none of his friends had come near him, he more than suspected that several of them had decided to drop his acquaintance of late; there was no one, no one in all the world to care for him, which was most distressing. Then he looked at his dog, which was lying stretched out on the hearth-rug. Even the dog didn't really love him! No, he was certain of it. By way of experiment he called to it softly—and the hardhearted animal went on basking, with no response beyond a sleepy grunt! Ah, it was selfish—like the rest of the world; he was alone,—quite—quite alone! And, as he realised this, the poor man leaned his head on his hand and gave a heart-broken sigh, that awoke even the dog. Discovering, by some mysterious instinct dogs have, that his master was in low spirits and needed consolation, he rose and stretched himself, and then came and laid his head on the man's knee, looking up into his face with eyes that spoke too plainly of honest affection to render any further doubt possible.

"You would have fancied that the poor man would have been comforted a little, would you not?—but not at all! He turned away his face with a heavy sigh—more miserable than ever. The dog loved him—that was natural enough—but a dismal conviction had just begun to oppress him, and it almost made him, strong man as he was, cry when he thought of it, and yet it became more and more clear every moment. *He didn't love the dog!* Ah! this *Katzenjammer* is a terrible complaint, and it is only very rude and unsympathetic persons who would mock at it," said the Moon, with real feeling in her voice, and, as she spoke, a cloud hid her face, and Mr. Punch saw no more of her that evening.



HAIRDRESSING ADONIS

WHO FINDS HIS OWN HEAD (IN THE GLASS) MORE INTERESTING TO STUDY THAN HIS PATIENT'S! THE RESULT IS DISASTER.

TOILERS OF THE SEX.

ACTING on your orders, I have just completed a round of houses in the slums of East London, in order to find out how poor work-women are housed, and what sort of life they really live.

I began with Paradise Place, Whitechapel, and regret to report that I was here assailed by cries of, "Give us a copper, Gentleman!" emanating from the juvenile population. Passing on, I entered a dilapidated dwelling where resides a band-box maker, named SUSAN M., and knocked at the door of her single apartment. At first she appeared to resent my visit, and inquired with some emphasis, "Who the dickens I was?" My impression is that she took me for the broker's man, as she began to babble of unpaid rent; but being reassured on this score, she was at length—with some difficulty—induced to give me an account of her day's work, which may be of interest to your readers.

"I start working at 3 A.M. Yes, every blessed morning of my life. When do I go to bed? When I can. You may call it eleven, or twelve, or one, if you like; it don't make no odds to me. Don't I feel sleepy in the day-time? Not with seventeen brats to look after. Is my husband in work? No, he's in gaol. How many band-boxes have I to make? I can make as many or as few as I like, but the pay is half a farthing per dozen band-boxes, and find my own card-board, gum, scissors, and thread. How much money can I make in the day? About three-halfpence, working for twenty hours. What do I live on? Weak tea, mostly. Do I give the same to my children? Yes, only weaker. No, I won't join no dratted Union—I'll keep out of the Union as long as I can. I don't care if it's a Trade's Union, or what it is."

As my interlocutress misunderstood, or was even inclined to resent my remarks, I beat a hasty retreat, avoiding as well as I could the yawning holes in the stairs, and getting off with nothing worse than a bad sprain.

The next place I visited was a room in Screw's Rents, Shorechapel. The woman I interviewed supported herself by making waistcoats for the sweaters. How she contrived to support the odours of the place, as well as herself, I cannot imagine. The rain came through the ceiling as I talked; I therefore had to carry on the conversation holding an open umbrella with one hand, and my handkerchief to my nose with the other. She said:—

"No, I am not sixty, though I look it. My age is thirty-five. Yes, it does smell rather bad sometimes. Has the Sanitary Inspector called? No, but the Rent-collector calls regularly, as so did the Parish Doctor when we were all down with typhoid. The man I work for says 'times is hard,' and he can't

afford me more than twopence a waistcoat, and find everything myself, including buttons. I am glad when I make half-a-crown a week, working sixteen hours a day. Thank you for your sympathy, but I'd rather it had been the price of a blanket. Mind you don't fall into the dust-bin at the bottom of the stairs. Who owns these houses? Mr. SCREW—he's on the Vestry. He ought to be on the Treadmill. Don't tell him I told you this, or we shall be turned out. Complain to the Inspector? If he interferes, SCREW 'll turn him out."

Mr. TURNSCREW would seem a more appropriate name. I will (if I manage to escape blood-poisoning, of which I have every symptom at present) continue my investigations in another locality.

[N.B.—This must be seen to.]

A CLOSING CHORUS AND FINALE.

(Brief Dramatic Cantata produced before an East End Audience with immense success last week.)

["Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS himself visited the locality, and pronouncing the 'dwellings' in their present condition, as 'totally unfit for human habitation,' then and there, had them closed."—Police Reports.]

The Scene represents the exterior of several East End "Model Dwelling Houses," somewhat out of repair. A crowd of haggard, half-starved, ill-clothed and invalided tenants discovered hanging about, who, as the Curtain rises, sing the following Chorus—

CHORUS OF SLUM LODGERS.

We are fainting, wasting, worn and weary,
Fighting with a fate that nothing mends;
Hid away in alleys dark and dreary,
Wanting even sympathetic friends!
'Mid an atmosphere with poison reeking,
In a stifling room some eight feet square.
Roofs that let in water, gutters leaking,
Dust-bins, drainage,—all beyond repair;
Here we drag out our existence daily,
Wondering if we can bear much more;
Yet the Landlord takes his "rents" quite gaily,
And upon us seems to set some store!
Let illness come, and one be stricken,
On one alone the blow will not fall;
Pent up in here, we're bound to sicken,
Fever for one means fever for all!
Yet some perhaps for a change may crave,
And, willing enough to change their camp,
Glad to get rest in a parish grave,
That pr'aps may prove a trifle less damp.
So life grows drearier day by day,
And it sinks in squalor as 'neath a curse.
The Vestry may have its feeble say,—
Yet things merely move from bad to worse!
So we, in our chains all helpless bound,
Strain our eyes in hope to see the end,
And stretch out hands as we gaze around,
Beseeching the aid of one kind friend.
Will he come and cheer us in the fight?
Will he utter the word to set us free?
Is there none who will make what's wrong go right,
And give the Slum Lodger his liberty?

The Good Genius of the Bench appears in a blaze of light.

GOOD GENIUS.

There is! At any rate I mean to try,
My friends. The aid to help you, it is I!

[He waves a Local Act. As he does so, the dilapidated Model Dwelling Houses crumble and disappear, and a Fairy Palace of Working-Men's Improved Modern Sanitary Lodgings rises in their place. The Slum Lodgers, overcome with wonder, fall into attitudes of graceful thankfulness as Curtain slowly descends.]

Fusion.

SIR MICHAEL HICKES-BEACH recommends a "fusion of parties" as the cure for current evils. Well, Sir MICHAEL, if you can secure the diffusion of common sense, an infusion of patriotic unselfishness, suffusion of the party bosom with good feeling in place of spite, and do this with less oratorical profusion, and without creating complete parliamentary confusion, then perhaps your specific may work, but, Mr. Punch greatly fears, not otherwise.



"IS IT A FAILURE?"

Mamma (their last unmarried Daughter having just accepted an offer). "WELL, GEORGE, NOW THE GIRLS ARE ALL HAPPILY SETTLED, I THINK WE MAY CONSIDER OURSELVES FORTUNATE, AND THAT MARRIAGE ISN'T——"
 Papa (a pessimist). "UM—DON'T KNOW! FOUR FAMILIES TO KEEP 'STEAD OF ONE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INSTEAD of Messrs. BLACKIE and SONS keeping everything dark, as, if they acted up to their name, they ought to do, they burst into



early advertisement of their Christmas books, and at this time,—it makes one change colour to think of it,—BLACKIE is Reddy, aye, Reddy! Here's *Thorn-dyke Manor*, by MARY C. ROWSELL, who has a very pleasant manner, and a BROOKE to run through this literary pasturage with his illustrations. Then BARING GOULD gives us *Grettier the Outlaw*, and I hope this will result in "bearing"

plenty of "Goold" back to author and publisher. This being a good book for boys, it will not be much of a puzzle to find the good boys for the book.

G. A. HENTY, anything but a Non-Hentity at Christmas time, tells us a capital story about a young Virginian Planter, who served *With Lee in Virginia*. BROWNE's his artist and BLACKIE's his publisher. His *Tales of Danger and Daring* are most fascinating for the youthful reader, and the Brave Baron also has already enjoyed it, seated in an armchair before the only fire to which he cares to expose himself, and that's his own, or a friend's, but not the enemy's.

The Loss of John Humble. By G. NORWAY. Sounds like a story by *Uriah Heep*, but quite the contrary. It is all about the Arctic regions. Ugh! So cold! pile up the logs and King Cole for Heaven!

I thank GEORGE PHILIP and SON for C. R. MARKHAM's *Life of John Davis*, the "navigator," 1550-1605. JOHN DAVIS was an Elizabethan Gent, who discovered Davis' Straits. His descendants are still

distinguished. They have long since got out of the straits. I believe one of them, Miss DAVIS, is the chieftainess of the corps of Lady Guides.

The most useful book-present at Christmas or any other time, is ROUTLEDGE's series of pocket volumes of standard works, which, on account of their durable binding, their size and print, are simply perfect, whether taken up for a few minutes' recreation in the study-chair, or as charming travelling companions. Then there is *Cassell's National Library Series* in paper covers, highly and deservedly praised by JOHN BRIGHT; cheap portable books adapted to almost any pocket.

MACMILLAN's reprints of Miss YONGE's and CHARLES KINGSLEY's Novels would be gratefully received by any one commencing a collection, and are worth tons of ephemeral books which merely glitter for a Christmas season, and then are heard of no more. In these three series I have mentioned there is reading enough for a life-time. I should like to see a re-issue of the best French works, selected, in the original language, not translations, brought out in the style that Messrs. ROUTLEDGE have published their pocket-volumes. What chances the present generation has of becoming acquainted with the pick of universal literature, at a very small outlay, which were denied to those who can now call themselves Medieval.

FISHER UNWIN publishes *How Men Propose*, by AGNES STEVENS. This work has evidently been a labour of love.

Rambles in Bookland (ELLIOT STOCK). Mr. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS has, if I mistake not, been our agreeable companion aforesaid in the by-ways of this pleasant country. He is a good guide, and we are glad to be once more "personally conducted" by him. He never stays in a place too long; he gives us plenty of change—no end of variety. He takes us to out-of-the-way spots; he lets us rest when "so disposed;" he gossips pleasantly as we go along, and we never feel dull in his society. We can cordially recommend intending travellers in "Bookland" to take one of these "through tickets" without delay, especially as by this system they are able to break their journey at twenty-eight different places, if they feel so inclined.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



' FEATHERS OR FUR ? '

"WHAT 'VE YOU GOT!" "COCK PHEASANT!" "NONSENSE, MAN! IT'S A RABBIT."
 "WELL, P'RAPE IT IS—ANYHOW I KNOW I'D 'IT SOMETHING!"

JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.

FIRST ENTRY.

MUCH the rummiest product of Nineteenth Century are its "Governors." Name perhaps rather a mistake, because in most cases they "reign but don't govern." Mine doesn't, anyhow. Offers a good deal of gratuitous advice, however.



Bound in Calf.

"What you ought to do," he remarks, "now that you have left College and are looking about for an opening somewhere, is to gain success in life by steady application."

My reply is, I fancy, rather able.

"Steady application!" I exclaim. "I have applied steadily twice a week for the last two months to various Government Departments for a first-class berth, and nothing's come of it."

"Now I think of it," the Governor suddenly says, after a pause; "I know old TIM GREGORY, of the Expropriation Department; I'll give you a line to him. He's pretty high up the tree there. Perhaps he'll be able to give you a lift."

Sounds rather promising. The institution of the Governor may be worth preserving, after all! Stroll towards Whitehall.

Am pretty well-known by this time at Expropriation Office. Consequently Usher, or Door-keeper, or whoever he is, whom I tipped at Christmas, admits me into the Presence before my proper turn. Intense indignation excited thereby in breast of individual with large red muffer, who looks like a bosun's mate, or skipper of a North Sea fishing smack run up to town for a holiday.

We hear his loud expostulations (as if he were hailing a passing vessel through a speaking-trumpet) echoing down corridors till we turn a corner and lose the sound. Ask friendly Usher who the gentleman is. "That old fogey?" he replies. "Don't know, and don't care. Let 'im bellow!"

Feel, though I am glad to be admitted first, that I can understand mental attitude of people who call these Ushers jacks-in-office. But why "Jack?" Go up no end of steps. Usher used to this sort

of mountaineering. I'm not. If Governor's friend would provide me with a lift just here, it would come in useful.

"Old TIM GREGORY" turns out to be not half a bad chappy. Gives me comfortable chair to sit down in while he reads the letter. TIM is a bit of a wag, it seems. Says, at end,

"Your father writes that he hopes if I can't see you now, I'll give you an appointment for some other day? It strikes me, young man, that's just what you do want—an appointment—eh? Ha, ha!" And TIM laughs at his own joke.

I admit the accusation, readily. A wild idea crosses my brain. Is TIM GREGORY going to crown my aspirations? Picture him rising from his seat, coming towards me with benevolent aspect, placing a hand on my shoulder, and saying in a broken voice:—"For the sake of my long friendship with your esteemed father, I will give you an appointment, and at once. A valuable one, too, beginning at £700 a year, and rising to £1500; when will you be ready to take it up?" As a matter of fact, this is what MR. TIM says:

"Appointments are rather scarce nowadays. Of course, I have no power whatever to get anybody anything. It all rests with the heads of the Department, especially SIR ALEXANDER—SIR ALEXANDER SANDISON, you know. In this Department," TIM continues pleasantly, "interest does a lot. But interest not what it was; same thing in Money Market, eh? Ha, ha! You should have influence with SANDISON—interest with our Principal, you know, ha, ha, ha!"

TIM pulls himself up abruptly in his fit of merriment, and asks me—

"Are you a Scotchman?" I admit that I am not.

"Ah, that's a pity!" he ruminates. "SIR ALEXANDER'S Scotch, and these Scotchmen hang together so. We," he whispers, with a hoarse chuckle, winking,—"we here often wish they would all hang together, like this,"—and he compresses his windpipe temporarily by adjusting a bit of window-cord round it, and pretends to be choking. Rather unofficial, perhaps, but amusing.

"Got any friendly M.P. who'd make things hot for our Chief in the House, and so get you a berth?"—he goes on.

"No," I reply, and reflect what a traitor in the Expropriation camp TIM is to try and "make things hot" for his own Chief!

At end of our interview he tells me he'll be sure to let me know when the next vacancy occurs, and "he'll mention my name to SIR ALEXANDER."

"A pity," are his last words, "a great pity you're not Scotch." I begin to feel that it is, although the feeling is not patriotic. Wonder, on the way downstairs, if they say—"A great pity you're not English"—when a Scotch fellow tries for an appointment of any kind at Edinburgh?

Passing a door, hear somebody inside getting what sounds like an official "wiggling." "Didn't know who the gentleman was?"—a stern voice is saying. "Did you ask?"

"No, Sir, I didn't"—is the reply, and I at once recognise the tones of the friendly Usher who let me in before the indignant sea-captain—"expectin' as 'ow the gent'isself would have giv' me his card, if so be that?"

"Then let me tell you that the gentleman you kept waiting like that, and treated so disrespectfully, is the Earl of BACCARAT, Lord Privy Seal, and that he has been obliged to go away, not being able to wait any longer. And next time let me advise you, if you want to keep your place!"—Here the door is shut from inside, and I am left to go down the stairs *solus*.

So the sea-captain with the muffer was the Earl of BACCARAT! Why didn't I let him go in before me? In that case he might have given me a post in the Privy Seal Office. If I'd given place to him, would he have given a place to me? How angry BACCARAT was with that Usher! Perhaps only natural for a Privy Seal to be *scazy*! Think of going back and repeating joke to TRIM, who would appreciate it, I know.

Console myself with a few weeds. Must really think of some new and practical line. Is the Army a "practical line?" But much too old for that.

ROBERT AT OLYMPIA.

My hentrance to the place was jest a leetle startling, to begin with. I asked a reel gent at a little winder how much I was to pay, and he sed a shilling; but seeing, I suppose, as I didn't look exactly like a shilling kustomer, he, in the werry kindest manner, gave me a ticket for a reserved seat, which it was No. 54, and which I have kept as a curiosity, for it took me into one of the werry best places in the great Sho, and showed me such sites as I fears I shall never be able to properly describe, and all for a shilling!



Just to begin with, there was 3 Clowns, all in full heaving dress, the same as I wears on grate occasions, and they tumbled over every seat as they cum near, and got rolled up in the carpets, and had to chivy their hats all over the place, till the people all roared again; but they never moved a mussell, but looked as grave as Churchwardens.

Then we had munkeys a riding races, jist like reel jockeys, except that not one on 'em was guilty of pulling!—suttinly not! There was helifants by the duzzen a doing of their xercise like reel sojers; Kammels by the score, and thurrow bread hoses by the hunderd, and such races with 'em as makes poor Epsom and the New Market hide their deminished heads and blush! Then we had Nights in Chane Armer, and Nights in Steal Armer, and Nights in Gold Armer, almost by the thowsand! Then there was Faries a flying about the Sealing like werry full-grown Doves! and reel live Ladys a warking on the Sealing with their Heds a hanging down, without not seeming to have no hed ake!

Then, jist by way of contrast, there was most lovely Lady Dansers by the hundred, a dancing about most butiful on the ground, and in such lovely dresses, and so werry becoming, as wood have sumwhat surprized Mr. MACK DOOGALL, of the Kounty Counsel!

And then again, to show how werry shuperior the Amerrycano dancers is to ours, ewery now and then, when the butifully drest ladies was jest a leetle tired of dancing, they all struck up a jolly chorus, and didn't seem the least bit out of breth!

Going out for a few minutes jist to get a little snack for lunch, I wandered into a place I hadn't seen afore, where there was a most bootiful Lady, who looked jest as if she had been out off at her waste! I stood and I stared at her with perfound astonishment, when presently she smiled at me, and took up her fan and fanned herself, for her breathing showed as she was rayther warm. I didn't like to speak to her, becoz I thort praps she didn't kno my tung, and praps it might have been thort rude, as we had not bin interdued. Presently sum other people came up, and so, as I thought it right, I left her. I quite ment to see her again, but wot I saw when I got back to my reserved seat, drove her out of my hed, so I shall have to go again, when I quite means to ask her how she cum for to lose both her legs, and nearly all her body, poor thing!

And now how can I attempt for to describe the most wunderfullist site that hever I seed, and, as I weryly thinks, as anyboddy else ewer seed, not ewen an hed Waiter?

Only fancy a percission as doesn't seem not to have no hend, and

consists of lots of regements of soljers, almost all on horseback, and all wearing such lovely suits of most butiful harmer that, when lited up by the Lectrick light, they flashes away like twenty thousand flashes of real lightning; and then lots of splendid gold cars, sum drawn by horses, sum by helefants, sum by Kamels, one on 'em three story high, with a wicked Hemprer at the top, and drawn by lots of horses, and a lady a holding of a large fan of feathers over his hed, a fannin him if he felt ot, and crowds of dancing Ladys, a dancing away in the middle of the road, and singing all the while, and not at all afraid of being run over, and crowds of other swells all in their best close, as tho it never rained in that lucky country, and lots of bands of music a playing away most butiful tunes, tho of course I didn't know 'em, as, unfortunately, I never learned Latin when I was at my Parish Skool, and then, all of a sudden, all the grate City of Rome is dishcovered to be on fire, and I left in such a state of bewilderment as I didn't recover from till I found I had got into a Pirate Omnibus, who charged me dubble fare, and larfed at me into the bargain.

ROBERT.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

TEDDINGTON LOCK.

By Archie Smiler.

'Tis noon, joyous noontide, by Isleworth cloek,
As we speed with the tide up to Teddington Lock.
So fast and so full is the bountiful flood,
Forgotten and hidden are shallows and mud.



The sun flashes up from each eddying swirl,
The trees keep their tresses in crispst of curl;
Each glance is a laugh, and each word is a song,
As we strongly and steadily paddle along.
And the pains of the past and the future we mock,
As we urge our light shallop to Teddington Lock.

There's a call, like a blackbird's who sits on a branch,—
The mellow salute of an oncoming launch.
Our shallop discreetly gets out of the way,
As it drives through the water all billows and spray;
And it brays like a donkey, and crows like a cock,
As it proudly precedes us in Teddington Lock.

Ah! why does my rubicund countenance blanch,
As I scan the white gossamer gowns on the launch?
Is it love that thus claims to be honoured at sight?
Would I woo, would I win, those fair women in white?
No, gladly I'd sink through the floor of the boat,
Regardless of whether the rest of us float.
The sunlight is dulled, there's a nip in the breeze,
And the curl is gone out of the hair of the trees,
And the Lock fills as slowly as ever it can,
As I gaze on a waist I no longer may span,
And the past shakes like jelly at memory's knock—
I have met my old sweetheart in Teddington Lock!

She sits so serenely unconscious and cool,
While I feel like a culprit and look like a fool:
At the blink of her sen I am fain to forget
The capious caprice of the cruel coquette,
And all our fond follies come back in a flock,
As I suddenly see her in Teddington Lock.

You may row on the river, or sail on the sea,
You may sparkle at dinner or five o'clock tea,
You may revel at Ramsgate, or sulk at Southend,
You may swagger at Southsea, at Yarmouth unbend,
You may crush your fine feelings with business cares,
And blight your romance with political airs;
But the past springs to light like a jack-in-the-box,
When you meet your old sweethearts on launches in locks.

OUT WITH "THE QUEEN'S."

MY DEER FRIEND,—Do they think I like being let out of a cart and frightened to death, by being chivied for miles by mounted men, and hounds that are thirsting for my blood? If anybody is of opinion that I personally enjoy the sport for the sport's sake, or for any sake at all, he is labouring under a delusion and should be first locked up, then let out for a run and be pursued by blood-hounds over a difficult country. What I say is—let all those who take part in this cruel unsportsmanlike sport be sent to—Coventry.

Yours, broken-heartedly, A STRANGER EYE'D DEER.



NEMESIS.

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHO'S WON?"

First Football Player. "WE'VE LOST!"

Inquisitive Old Gentleman. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT BAG?"

Second Football Player. "THE UMPIRE!"

JOSEPH IN EGYPT.

J'y suis et j'y reste—for a time. If the poet PENTAGOUR could but see Modern Thebes, he would surely discover a new inspiration in Me! How I pity that epical Copt, whom old RAMESSES seemed to retain As a general utility rhymester! His subjects lacked business-like brain, His rhetoric's almost Swinburnian sometimes, but wants "ideation," And what OSCAR WILDE calls "Modernity!" Now for complete incarnation

Of that none need look beyond me. Yet I now find myself—with a (Like an earlier JOSEPH) set down by the side of the secular Nile. Extremes really meet in this world; fancy Brummagem, Caucasus, and Screw

Meeting Memnon,—or was it Amenophis? Humph! They say *he* The Vocal One was. Always spoke when the rays of the sun smote his lips;

But clearly those priests to our wire-pullers might, had they liked, My,—well, let us say predecessor,—possessed a sly stone in his lap, Which uttered oracular sounds in response to a well-managed tap From the hands of the priests or their myrmidons. Memnon saluted the Sun,

His father. If they'd had the Caucasus in Egypt, the Copts had Yes, history truly "repeats itself." Our Grand Old Memnon at home. He of the fine "flowing tide" (don't he wish it may speedily come?) Responds, as his sycophants think, or pretend, to the "quivering touch

Of Titan's ray"—meaning the dawn of Success. But no, Memnon Wire-pullers, political priests, "work the oracle" even at Hawarden.

As once in old Thebes. Humph! An orchid that's cut from an Or lotus-bud culled from Lake Morris—what much, after all, does it matter?

How little our eager "hear-hearers" can gauge the true drift of our Not Memnon, the son of Aurora, am I, nor Amenophis. No! ["Jor." I am he whom the Caucasite lovingly,—not so long since,—would call But my "brethren" just now are less sweet on me. Fancy 'twas I dugged the pit

Into which *they* have fallen. My coat, many-coloured, they think

Ah! how ancient Egyptian—and Hebrew—analogies crowd on my mind!

But Memnon or not, I am JOSEPH, as some of them some day shall My dreams may come true, after all, though my enemies laugh them to scorn.

Meanwhile, I am very well here—anyhow, till the coming of morn. Makes it needful again to be Vocal; for that I've the eye of a lynx; But until it is really at hand, I will try the old rôle of the Sphinx! Why, what did I say to the Bakers at Birmingham? "Bread-making now

Is very much like what it was some five thousand or more years ago At the time of the PHARAONS!" Precisely. And bread-making's not the sole art

That has changed very little since PHARAOH's chief baker was play-As a dreamer of dreams. Hawarden's Oracle flouts the Septennial But I fancy 'tis only because he perceives in that popular pact [Act, Seven years of Conservative fatness. Ah! well, they are not yet run out,

And what may come after who knows? But, I think I know what Like—well, like the earlier JOSEPH, the dreamer whose vision came true.

To prepare for the seven years leanness is what, after all, I must do; And Egypt is not a bad place to think over a question like that. And so on the whole I am glad to sit here—where Amenophis sat—

Away from the fogs and the fumings; here, where every glance is a feast,

Like Memnon in dignified silence—but keeping my eye on the east!

Notes by The Lord Mayor's Fool.

GLAD to hear that Alderman VOCE MOORE has once more recovered his *Vox*. After that brutal assault *Voces* was nearly reduced to Nil,—not the Sheriff; but in future he must not walk home alone. Alderman SAVORY, as a companion, would sweeten any locality. VOCE looks forward to the companionship. In his best French he puts it neatly, thus, "*C'est vrai et moi*,"—which is, we believe, meant, in international pronunciation, to imply SAV'RY and MOORE!! This is the effect of being a Liveryman of the City!!



JOSEPH IN EGYPT.



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Captain Steerer, R.N. "UNSHIP THAT FORWARD BEGGAR, JOHNSON, AND WE'LL TOW HIM HOME ASTERN!"

VENEZUELA.

THE Place to spend a Happy Day!

["United States Consul PLUMACHER sends to Washington from Venezuela a very remarkable report, especially interesting to students of natural history."—*Brooklyn Eagle*, and *London Papers*.]

Of vermin, on a liberal scale, a
Variety has Venezuela;
In fact that favoured land must be
A School of Natural History!
And quite a rising health-resort.
Read Consul PLUMACHER's Report!
The Student starts with being bled
By vampires as he lies in bed,
And he will be relieved to know
They'll only tackle his big toe.
At breakfast time an omelette
Of Alligator's eggs he'll get,
With (he'll grow of the dainty fond) a
Cut from the juicy Anaconda!
And when his morning walk he takes,
He'll meet some interesting snakes!
The Boa, inclined to be "constrictive,"
But seldom (till annoyed) vindictive;
The Tiger-snake from "Macauri!"
'Tis easy, from their bite to tell:
The one is deadly, *servants* state all,
The other's fang is merely fatal.
The *Sobadora* should amuse him,
(Especially if it pursues him)
For when, as cads would say, it "cops" him,
That serpent sets to work and whops him!
Its head will superintend the whacking,
Its tail, like any horsewhip, smacking.
To cool the smart our Student soon
Will take a dip in some lagoon;
Though he his fate will surely go to seal,
Should he disturb the grim *Gymnotus* eel!
Uncomfortable too will he be,
If spotted swimming by "Caribe,"

They're tiny fish, to sharks in greed alike,
With double rows of teeth—all needle-like!
Should he contrive to gain the shore,
His mind he'll turn to insect-lore:
The capture of a Scorpion
May yield him scientific fun,
But cautious handling it will need.
(Tis likewise with the Centipede.)
A casual nip from some Tarantula—
To use a hybrid phrase—will "plant you *la*."
Next, if no accident he dreads,
He'll interview the quadrupeds;
The Peccary, or native hog,
When tame, is faithful as a dog;
If savage, on the contrary,
It chivies hunters up a tree!
Big apes (they term them "*Araguato*")
Fill forests with their loud *staccato*.
There, too, are monkeys "known to *BUFFON*,"
And most who furnish, at the Zoo, fun;
With ardour, too, he will be warming
To find *Carnicora* are "swarming."
He'll soon acquire, we may assume, a
Familiar knowledge of the Puma,
Distinguishing the faithful Ounces
From Wildcats, merely by their pounces!
But, PLUMACHER, a wicked wag you are,
To tell him "*not to mind the Jaguar!*"
And then, it sounds so braggadocious!
To add—"These beasts are all ferocious."
In our prosaically kept isle,
We only sport one noxious reptile,
Carnivora we have to go
And study at a Wild Beast Show.
And your report is so instructive,
It paints a picture so seductive,
Our Naturalists will long to meet yours,
And see all those eccentric creatures.
So on a visit they'll determine
To Venezuela and its vermin.
(Punch doesn't know what will become of 'em,
But trusts they'll all return—or some of 'em!)

LATEST FROM THE LAW COURTS.

(A Spinster in the Box.)

Question. How old are you?

Answer. I really don't know—besides, it's rude to question a Lady.

Q. Will you swear you are under forty?

A. No—but I may be.

Q. Is it not a fact that you will never see your fiftieth birthday?

A. So I have been told.

Q. Have you ever had an offer of marriage?

A. Never—to my knowledge.

Q. Is it not true that you are one of the ugliest of your sex?

A. So it has been said by other Ladies.

Q. Ladies! That is the second time you have used that expression. Will you swear that "females" would not be the better word?

A. Well, perhaps it might.

Q. And you are the sort of woman that would stay in Court during the Besant trial, in spite of Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON's remonstrances, are you not?

A. Yes, I suppose I am.

Q. And can you imagine anyone more degraded or horrible?

A. Well, to be frank with you, I cannot! But there, pray excuse me further attendance, as I wish to see a man sentenced to be hanged!

[The Witness then hurriedly withdrew.]

MEM. ABOUT THE COLSTON BANQUETS.—I would rather dine at the "Dolphin," where one would be expected to drink like a fish—as they do, I suppose, on "The General Porpoises Committee" in the City—than be invited to the "Anchor" to dine with the Anchorites.



"EXCLUSIVE."

Our Philanthropist (who often takes the Shilling Gallery—to his Neighbour).
'ONLY A MIDDLING HOUSE.'

Unwashed Artisan. "AY—THAT SIXPENCE EXTRY, 'RATHER HEAVY FOR THE LIVES O' HUZ, Y'KNOW. BUT THERE'S ONE THING—IT KEEPS OUT THE RIFF-RAFF!!"

STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXXXV. THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.

As you descend from your 'bus in Piccadilly, pleased to hand the attendant conductor the penny he modestly demands, you observe on the right-hand side (going up) a high brick wall, once red in hue, but now held in the grip of the smoke of London. Passing between the jambs of a fifteenth century doorway, you find yourself in the great courtyard of Devonshire House. Although the date 1379 still lingers on the principal tower, the mansion, where the heir to the dukedom of Devonshire lives when in town, is not of great antiquity. It stands on the site of Berkeley House, built in 1658 by Sir JOHN BERKELEY, created Lord BERKELEY of Stratton (whence Stratton Street.) Here QUEEN ANNE lived before she died. In 1693, she quarrelled with WILLIAM THE THIRD, and, fearful for her young life, escaped to Berkeley House. Here she dwelt with Lady MARLBOROUGH for sole companion, and your host presently shows you a relic of the staircase, up which, at cockcrow every morning, she lightly stole, and gazed across the park towards distant Westminster. Lady MARLBOROUGH, standing at the foot of the staircase, ever put the anxious question, "Sister ANNE! Sister ANNE! Do you see anyone coming?" There is a break in your host's voice as he tells how the years passed, and finally came the Duke of MARLBOROUGH with news that WILLIAM and MARY were dead, childless, and hailed this last member of the Stuart Family, daughter of JAMES THE SECOND and granddaughter of the renowned CLARENDON, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland!

Berkeley House perished in the flames in 1733, and WILLIAM KENT, third Duke of Devonshire, built on it the massive but simple structure in whose low pillared entrance hall you linger. Beyond

A MEDICAL OWL.

[An Owl has taken up his abode in a tree at Guy's Hospital.]

AN Owl seen at Guy's! We may surely surmise,
 That the bird of Minerva seeks knowledge;
 And comes to the place to find favour and grace
 At the hands of the men of that college.
 They may say, "It's absurd to encourage this bird,"
 Like the hero of *Lear's* famed *fasciculus*;
 But why that should be so we really can't see,
 There are many things far more ridiculous.

No man can deny that, in ages gone by,
 The Owl for his wisdom was famous;
 This bird may aspire, with a clinic desire,
 In medical culture to shame us.
 At the lectures we feel he will *certainly* reveal
 Strict attention, in every attitude;
 With a wink in his eye (Do owls wink, by the bye?)
 When Professors indulge in a platitude.

Minerva we know, in the ages ago,
 Was the patron of physic concoctors;
 Why should not the Owl, as the goddess's fowl,
 Be enrolled on the list of our Doctors?
 Let us see that he gains the result of his pains;
 Make him free of each medical mystery;
 Till we hail *Strix M.D.*, as he sits on the tree,
 To practise,—the first time in history!

ROD AND (HARD) LINES.

MR. JUSTICE MARK (in giving judgment for himself and Mr. Justice WONTS) said: "This is a case in which we are asked to give our judicial decision as to whether caning is, or is not, a suitable punishment to inflict on boys. A school-master is charged with assault, for having caned a recalcitrant scholar on the hand; and the Learned Counsel for the Defendant naturally asks—If a boy may not be caned on the hand, where may he be caned? What, then, is the ideal punishment we should be disposed to recommend? My learned Brother and myself have come to the conclusion, that if a boy who had offended were made to read twenty pages of the 'Law Reports,' he would never commit the offence again. Flagrant cases of insubordination might involve a perusal of *Coke on Littleton*, or even attendance at this Court for a whole day to listen to the proceedings. We—and we think boys as well—would prefer this system to either of the two methods which the Learned Counsel has humorously described as the 'palm-oil' and the 'switch-back' plan. The Defendant is discharged."

is the winding marble staircase at the head of which, upon occasion, your host stands and heartily welcomes Mr. WIGGINS, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS, and other statesmen and luminaries of social life. As the ancient servitor throws open the State Drawing-Room and announces you, you observe your host standing on the costly hearth-rug in the act of yawning. The action is so perfectly coincidental with the opening of the door, that, for a moment, you suspect some cunningly devised connection between the Norman doorway and your host's facial arrangements. But before you leave you have opportunity of observing, that the gesture, so to speak, is distinct from the doorway. Your host is always ready to fill up any pauses in your conversation with a hearty yawn.

SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, Marquis of Hartington, leads you from the State Drawing-Room into the Saloon, calling your attention as you pass to the beautiful ceiling, earliest work of BELLINI. But, before you go, you find yourself enjoying the varied beauties of PAUL VERONESE's "*Adoration of the Magi*," over the doorway; GIACOMO BASSANO's "*Moses and the Burning Bush*"; IL CALABRESSE's "*Musicians*"; MICHAEL ANGELO CARAVAGGIO's "*Barrel-organ*," the musician earnestly regarding the upper windows of a modern house; CIGNANI's "*Virgin and Child*," and JORDAENS's "*Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, and his Wife*." You notice the picturesque feeling, quite unusual in this Master, in the arch with the vine-tendrils climbing across, and the parrot pecking at it—both dark, against a dark sky, the better to bring out the light on the lady's forehead. You say this to your host, who yawns.

Your host, firmly poisoning his right hand in his trousers-pocket, his left arm swinging loosely but gracefully by his side, leads the way into the Saloon, where you pause to admire a number of family portraits, by Sir GODFREY KNELLER. Here is the first Duke of Devonshire; and in the courtly curl of the lip, the swift glancing of



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 8.

the eye, you fancy you discern traces of the lineaments of your genial host. In the Green Drawing-room is one of SALVATOR ROSA's primest pictures—"Jacob's Dream." You have just time to note that the angels ascending and descending are poised upon the ladder

by the power of their wings, when your host suggests an adjournment to the Dining-room. You make a feint of lingering under the Ladder, but, passing on, have time to note that, though the day is wearing towards one o'clock, there is no white cloth on the comfortable

cozy table, which stands erect on four legs, the light from a coal fire flashing here and there adown its mahogany limbs. Your host leads you round the room, pointing out on the walls the various VANDYKES. Here is MARGARET, Countess of Carlisle, and her little daughter; here EUGENIA CLARA ISABELLA, daughter of PHILIP THE FOURTH, of Spain, widow of the Archduke ALBERT; and here Lord STRAFFORD, happily taken previous to his execution, which affords you opportunity of noticing his massive jaw, his curling whiskers, and his haughty brow. Your host will presently take you across the hall into the Blue Velvet Room, where you notice MURILLO's "Infant Moses"—a chubby little boy, seated, proud delight gleaming in his eye at the discovery that he has five toes to each foot. On the opposite wall, GUIDO RENTI's "Perseus and Andromeda." Standing under this, while "Joe," the long-haired Maltese terrier, and "Randy," the London waif, curl themselves up comfortably on the hearth-rug, their owner, with a ring of a Grand Master of the Drury Lane Lodge on his finger, tells you the story of his life.

The Cavendish history goes back further than the bold Baron CAVENDISH of Hardwick created in 1603. Since then, there has always been a CAVENDISH in the Commons, and a Devonshire in the Councils of the reigning sovereign. Your host points proudly to the great seal that dangles from his waist, carrying the arms of the Family. You have scarcely time to notice the three bucks'-heads cabossed, argent, when your host calls your attention to the crest, a serpent nowed, proper, supported by two bucks, proper, each wreathed round the neck with a chaplet of roses, alternately, argent, and azure.

"You see, TOBY," says your host, "we were always for Union." You pleasantly suggest, that your host probably does not include matrimonial union. SPENCER COMPTON CAVENDISH, Marquis of Hartington, stares blankly across your head, fixing his regard on the portrait of his ancestor, Lord RICHARD CAVENDISH, painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS in the very prime of his power. You are about to explain your joke when the sight of his carriage out among the poplars in the wooded garden reminds him that he is already due at the House of Commons. "Roasted Chestnut" and "Hot Potato" are conveying the future Duke of DEVONSHIRE rapidly South-west, while you, emerging from the walled garden, stand once more on the pleasant pavement of Piccadilly, and hail the returning 'bus.

FISTS AND CLOVES; OR, THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.

THE PAST.

THE battered pugilist at length became conscious. For a fortnight he had rambled in his talk in the throes of delirium. His eyes were still closed, and what remained of the bridge of his nose had been removed by a skilful surgeon. For the rest, his broken right arm was beginning at length to regain its pristine position.

"Has he come?" asked the sick-almost-unto-death bruiser, as well as he could minus three-fourths of his teeth. "Has he come?" Then entered his patron, who, placing in his hands a bank-note, exclaimed, "You have deserved it, my lad! Six hours' hard fighting with your fists is enough for any one!" "Five pounds!" murmured the nearly dying prize-fighter; and, with a sigh of intense relief, he fainted away for joy!

THE FUTURE.

The boxer was smoking a cigarette at his Club and sipping a lemon-squash. He paused for a moment to adjust a piece of sticking-plaster, about the size of a three-penny-piece, on the little finger of his left hand.

"Just my luck!" he growled; "just my luck! I always get knocked about when I put on the gloves!" He lighted another cigarette, and, taking out the gardenia from his button-hole, inhaled its perfume.

"Will DITCHWATER never come?" he continued. "Surely an appointment with me is more important than 'a debate in the Lords.'" At this moment the Duke entered, and, bowing to the boxer, with some hesitation placed in that gentleman's hands a cheque.

"Oh, mi! What's this? Hi! here!" shouted the indignant pugilist. "I was at it with the gloves for nearly seven minutes, scratched my little finger taking 'em off, and you haven't given me more—hang me!—than a thousand pounds!" And uttering an expression of intense disgust, he absolutely swore!

FORTHCOMING WORK.—*The Larks for Lunatics.* By the Author of *The Canaries for Consumptives.*

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"THE LITTLE STOWAWAY."

A (LAW) COURT LADY.

I LIKE to listen to—well all that sort Of thing one wouldn't hear except in Court. I'm of the class that's "privileged." The Judge Can't turn me out of Court, so I don't budge, But sit to hear wigg'd barristers with three tails Describe what journals call "disgusting details," At which, next day, they scarcely dare to hint. So, being deprived of reading it in print, I go to Court to hear what I can't read, And I enjoy it very much indeed. Yet there may come a day (forbid the thought!) When rudely I may be "ruled out of Court." Public opinion is a strong sledge-hammer, I may be crushed, and cases heard in camera, As was a recent one we know. But then, man, The Baron, bless him! doesn't rule like DEEMAN. When there's another like this last, or near it, I, as a lady, hope that I may hear it. And if the Baron's there the sex to chaff, He'll be satirical, and we shall laugh.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Financial Independent.)

GUILELESS.—The return from your New River Debenture Stock is much too low. Buy a few City of Timbuctoo Waterworks. This Company holds a monopoly from the ruler, and, as a large part of the city is situated some distance from the river, the demand for water is great. The natives certainly use wells at present, but the bad quality of water from such a source is well known, and this fact is merely another proof of the need of a better supply. The capital is only £200,000; and actuarial statements exist showing that, if only the hopes of the promoters are fulfilled, a dividend of 10 per cent. can be paid. These hopes may possibly be exceeded.

FATHER OF A FAMILY.—Sulphates have again been depressed by the bears, but we advise you to hold on. The well-known financier who rules the market has just bought a new country-house, and it is, we think, rightly pointed out that this portends something good.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—We hear well of two Mining ventures. One, the Sweet Hope Mine, has bought a farm, about eight miles west of the famed Josephsburg gold-field. Surveys have shown that the estate is in a direct line with the run of the reef at Josephsburg. The vendors have been generous enough to take £90,000 out of the £100,000 capital in cash, thus leaving the public the benefit of any increment in value. The second is a more ambitious undertaking. Mr. DOEM BROWN, the vendor, has discovered that the Nile, at a certain spot at present kept secret, contains gold in its bed. By a simple process—also a secret—the Nile Diversion Company will divert the river into a new course for a few miles, and thus obtain possession of a rich gold-field. The first issue of capital will be £1,000,000, and is sure to be largely over-subscribed.



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TEA COMPANY'S TEAS**
NOTHING LIKE THEM ANYWHERE!
13, 14, 15, and 16 a lb.
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Imparts a Sweet Fragrance to the Breath.
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As Sample, a single bottle will be sent free by Parcel Post on receipt of 3s. 6d.
We strongly recommend our Customers to keep their Whisky in wood, and to put the tap in the cask only half-way down, and never draw the cask more than half empty. When it begins to run slowly, so many more gallons as are required to fill it up should be added, as in this manner only can a really perfect and uniform Whisky be obtained. For this purpose we supply our Whiskies in small casks—
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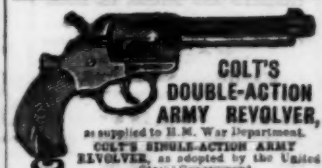
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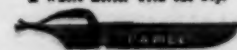
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